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DR. OWENS-ADAIR

A Souvenir

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DR. OWENS-ADAIR

TO

HER FRIENDS

Christmas 1922

DR. OWENS-ADAIR

A Souvenir

In publishing this little volume I have a threefold purpose:

First: to preserve in a pretty little booklet some of the beautiful reviews of the "first child of my brain"—for what can be more greatly prized and appreciated than the favorable expressions from men and women of letters. And the gem letters of those who have known and loved you. Those are the sentimental tokens of love and affection that reach down into the depths of the soul with a gentle and soothing touch, the influences of which are beyond all telling.

Second: it is my design that this little offering shall be a love token, or souvenir, for my friends, that I may not be forgotten.

Third: Old age as a rule is not over blessed with sunshine and happiness. And yet, as to that, much depends upon ourselves. And when I am relegated to the chimney corner—twenty, thirty or forty years hence—when time has shortened my memory, what could bring me more pleasure than to read and re-read those beautiful and priceless letters. Every one of them would bring me a flood of precious memories, enabling me to live over and over again my past life. And by furnishing me with wholesome and elevating thoughts and food for my declining body and tired brain, bringing me pleasure, happiness and consolation.

I hope and believe that under such conditions my life will flow on and on like a calm and peaceful river to the end of a perfect day.

DR. OWENS-ADAIR.

Reviews

"First Child of My Brain"

Portland, Ore., Dec. 3, 1906.

Dr. Owens-Adair.
Warrenton, Ore
Dear Madam:

I regret very much that it was impossible to publish yesterday the review of your book. We had an unusual rush of matter for the Sunday paper and at the same time a bad congestion in the composing room, with the result that ten or twelve columns of matter were crowded out.

I will run the review of the book either immediately upon hearing from you or in the book department next Sunday (Dec. 9), as you prefer. My suggestion is that it run Sunday, but if for any reason you are anxious for earlier publication please let me know. Allow me to compliment you on the excellence of the work. The book is very interesting and should have many readers.

If we do not publish the review until Sunday I should be glad to have a photograph of yourself to run with it. Have you one that you could let me have by Thursday or Friday?

Regretting the delay that has occurred, I am

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE M. TROWBRIDGE,
Editor.

Portland Journal.

THE OREGON JOURNAL

Sunday, Dec. 9, 1906

DR. OWENS-ADAIR: SOME OF HER LIFE EXPERIENCES. It will be gratifying to the many friends of Dr. Owens-Adair to know that her book, to whose publication they have been looking forward so anxiously, has been given to the public. It will be no surprise to learn that it is replete with broad experience, and homely philosophy, and that it is written with the fine literary skill which was expected of the author.

Dr. Owens-Adair came from sturdy pioneer stock; her parents were among that courageous host who took up the westward march from Kentucky, resting in Missouri, and then pressing on, ever and ever westward to the Pacific. Born in Missouri, Dr. Owens-Adair reached Oregon in an emigrant wagon in 1843 with her parents who settled on Clatsop Plains, and from that day to this she has been a central figure in the making of Oregon History.

The first hundred pages of the book are devoted to a close personal history of the events of the author's life, in reading which one is forced to return to the old axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction."

There is enough joy and sorrow, romance and tragedy there to supply the most prolific fiction writer for a lifetime. Married when a child, and with a baby in her arms at eighteen, she returned to her father's home for protection and support. It was a loving home, but the spirit of the new dispensation was upon this noble woman, and she took up the struggles of life as soon as her broken health permitted. At that time she could scarcely read and write, and leaving her little boy to her good mother's care during the day, she started to school in company with her younger brothers and sisters. She says: "At the end of my first four months' term I had finished the third reader."

Slowly, from this time, she forged ahead, getting enough education to take a tiny school, and what was more stimulating, the first taste of independence that comes with being a wage-earner. The whole story of her life, as she battles with adverse circumstances and conquers, is a tale of womanly devotion and heroic courage that should be a lesson and an inspiration to those women of today who feel life's burdens weighing upon them.

By the time Dr. Owens-Adair's son was old enough to become a small wage-earner, she had made ready to go East to procure a medical education. This meant almost social ostracism at that time; and when, some years later, she returned to her beloved Oregon—the first woman in the state with a medical diploma—she had no well organized woman's medical association to welcome her. And here again, in a new field, single-handed and alone, she made the first battle for woman's recognition in the professional ranks of the state.

Aside from the intense interest of the book, it has a distinct historical value, for the writer has not confined herself to the facts and experiences of her own life, but has woven into the work incidents and biographical sketches of a host of pioneer people—some of whom have passed on, but many are still with us whose names will be met in the book. One of the most valuable features of the work will be found in the many letters from prominent people who took active part in the strenuous times of state-building in Oregon. In the construction of the book the author has adopted a pleasing literary style, keeping her facts free from egotism, and the tiresome detail which often characterizes pioneer history.

The book is well illustrated with many portraits, and is finely bound and got up in a neat, presentable style, which is peculiarly gratifying, as it is the work of a Portland firm, Mann & Beach. Price $1.50.

THE OREGONIAN

Sunday, Dec. 23, 1906

DR. OWENS-ADAIR: SOME OF HER LIFE EXPERIENCES. Illustrated. Mann & Beach, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland, Ore. As a woman physician, public speaker and writer, Dr. Adair has had a career so noteworthy and useful to her day and generation that her autobiography has all the charm of a novel. For her life has been an unusual one; the experiences which fate has dealt out to her have fallen, surely, to the lot of few women.

Although Dr. Adair was born in 1840 in Van Buren county, Mo., she must be considered as a daughter of Oregon, for her father and mother crossed the plains with her in the first emigrant wagons of 1843, and settled in Clatsop county, Oregon, near the mouth of the Columbia river. She goes on to say:

"My grandmother Owens was of German descent, a rather small, but executive woman, who took charge of, and ably administered the affairs of the plantation during my grandfather's absence—which was most of the time. She was precisely the kind of woman President Roosevelt most admires—a woman of energy, industry and capability in managing her home affairs, and the mother of twelve children, all of whom grew to maturity, married and went on giving vigorous sons and daughters to this young and growing republic."

Think of a girl being married at about fourteen years old! Yet this is what happened to Dr. Owens-Adair. She was twice married. In speaking of her domestic affairs, she does so with courage and sterling fidelity, and it is instructive to note the wise fortitude and calmness with which she met tribulations. Would that we could all do so, and thereby follow the example of this honored Oregon pioneer in rising superior to the petty ills of daily life.

Beginning with household work in her father's house. the future physician became a farmer's wife, and was, successively, a school teacher, a milliner and a physician. Often her path was through tears, anguish and abuse; but the dauntless spirit of the woman kept on.

In preparing such a helpful book, Dr. Owens-Adair desired to assist in the preservation of the early history of Oregon, and to show how pioneer women labored and struggled to gain an entrance into the various avenues of industry, and to make it respectable to earn her honest bread beside her brother, man. This promise has been fulfilled to the letter.

Dr. Owens-Adair's reminiscences of early Portland—where she made her home for a number of years—are most interesting, and the same remark applies to Astoria. Her book of 537 pages is also valuable for its sketches of Oregon pioneers whose lives have been entwined with the best interests of the Pacific Coast.

This is a book emphatically worth reading. There isn't a dull page anywhere.

MORNING ASTORIAN

December 1906

FIRST LITERARY CHILD. There has come to hand in this office a copy of the first book ever written and published by Dr. Owens-Adair of this county, a sterling representative of one of the great pioneer families of Oregon. The book bears the title, "Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences," and its text is infinitely true to its title. As one reads, one can hear this good woman talking; (those who ever knew her and know her speech and manner) there is the same wholesome, straight-forward, convincing intelligence, backed by the realistic charm the truth always contributes to a tale, be it told in speech or written. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, is clearly printed on 540 pages, and from cover to cover is replete with interesting matter. One can open it anywhere and find something at once engaging directly under the eye. It contains details touching the lives of eminent Oregonians, men and women, with an occasional pretty poem, signalizing some person or event; in fact, it is an accession to any library, and, primarily, to every Oregon library that pretends to hold the literature of Oregon.

DAILY BUDGET
(Astoria)

December 1906

ADVANCE COPIES OF A NEW BOOK, "Some of Her Life Experiences," together with a number of historical sketches and biographies surrounding the early history of Oregon and Astoria in particular, by Dr. Owens-Adair, have been received and in a few days will be placed on sale in the various book stores. The work which comprises a volume of about 500 pages is the result of years of compilation and authentic research. The early life's history of the author and various tales of the struggle by the pioneer men and women who first blazed the trail of civilization in this great state. This book will be of inestimable interest to those who wish to familiarize themselves with the early history of the west, and Dr. Owens-Adair is to be complimented for its timely production.

YAKIMA HERALD

December 1906

DR. OWENS-ADAIR'S NEW BOOK. Many of the people of the Yakima valley will remember Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair, for several years a practitioner in this city. About a year ago she retired to the old home

place in Clatsop county, Oregon, where with her husband she has since lived in retirement. She has used her spare moments in writing a book—her first publication—which she has entitled "Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences." It has just come from the hands of the printer in neat form. The book, as the title indicates, is made up of reminiscences of her life from the time she first became an observer to the present time, and is written in an excellent and entertaining manner. While she unfolds many of the joys and sorrows strewn along life's pathway, she also has much relating to Oregon history, which she, with other sturdy women, has been instrumental in making.

Married at an early age, she was forced to return to her father's home for support, but with the indomitable spirit of the times she determined to become self-supporting, and by burning the midnight oil soon acquired sufficient education to teach school. She kept up her studies, together with her teaching, until she had saved sufficient funds to take a course in medicine at an eastern college. After graduating with honors, she returned to Oregon to practice, and after recuperating her finances again went east for a post-graduate course and a tour of Europe. Since then her life has been devoted to the practice of her beloved profession.

The narrative is very interesting in style and diction and the facts are given without any view to self-praise or egotism. The book would be pleasing to anyone, and especially so to those who have ever met Mrs. Owens-Adair. She is the mother of Dr. G. J. Hill of this city, who also enters somewhat into the life of her story.

DR. OWENS-ADAIR: SOME OF HER LIFE EXPERIENCES. Illustrated. Mann & Beach, printers, Portland, and the J. K. Gill Company Portland.

Dr. Owens-Adair did well to write her book, for many reasons. Of its value from the historical viewpoint there can be no doubt, but as a story of human interest it is even more valuable. At 14, hardly more than a child, and with only the meagre education pioneer life afforded at that time, Mrs. Adair, then Mrs. Hill, became wife and set up housekeeping in a shelter that could scarcely be called a home. The story of her struggles from that time on against the dilatory disposition of her husband and his evident inclination to take life easy under conditions that made such a thing impossible, is well told and deeply interesting. Then came her divorce which, though unavoidable, was felt by her friends to be a disgrace. After this, with her little boy, the girl of 18 went to work to support herself and acquire an education. One must needs admire her unshaken perseverance and phenomenal industry. She educated herself to the point of being able to teach school. From the schoolroom she went into the millinery business. From the milliner's shop she entered a medical school

and in due time came back to Oregon, armed with her diploma, of which she made good use. Several years later, she took a post-graduate course to bring her "up to date," as she expresses it, then went to Europe and came back to Portland to again practice her profession.

The latter part of the book is devoted to records and correspondence relating chiefly to prominent or typical pioneers of early Oregon days.

As a story of what one plucky girl inspired with a dogged determination to overcome all obstacles that may arise in her chosen path can accomplish, this book is invaluable, and this is enhanced by its historical features

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DAILY OREGON STATESMAN

(Salem)

MRS. DR. B. A. OWENS-ADAIR of Astoria has published an interesting little volume giving a history of her life, the object being to illustrate the trials and struggles of the pioneer women of Oregon. The book is well written, and many Oregon literary selections, poems and prose, are preserved, proving the literary ability and taste of the author. Dr. Owens-Adair has long been prominent as a physician in Oregon and Washington, and has taken part in temperance work and other movements of interest to women, so that she is no stranger to the reading public, which will no doubt give her book a warm welcome. Old Oregonians will be especially interested in it.

THE WOMAN'S TRIBUNE

DR. B. A. OWENS-ADAIR. A book recently from the press of Mann & Beach of Portland, relates autobiographically some of the life experiences of one of Oregon's pioneer women and the first Oregon woman graduate in medicine. It is a book that will beguile even the busiest reader to linger over the pages that relate as thrilling a life story as ever was woven into a romance. Carrying out her purpose to assist in the preservation of the early history of Oregon, the author has added to her own reminiscences short sketches with portraits of Sarah Damron Owens, her mother, and of a score of women whose lives have been inwrought in the development of Oregon. The closing part of the volume is devoted to excerpts from speeches and contributions to periodicals, all of which are of lasting value, as they touch upon local happenings with a philosophy that makes them of general application.

Bethenia A. Owens was born February 7, 1840, so that she is not yet 67 years old, yet her life covers a change in the condition of women as marvelous as the development of the State in that

period. She had good blood back of her and that always tells, notwithstanding that each soul may claim its heredity from God and that it is master of its own fate, yet even the ability to do this seems to depend very largely on the qualities that have been developed in its earthly lineage. Welsh, German, Irish and English blood distilled in the alembic of the strenuous and thrilling experiences of life in the New World should give a fine combination with which to conquer difficulties, and this was the heritage of her who now looks over the ground and seeks to show "how the pioneer woman labored and struggled to gain an entrance into the various avenues of industry, and to make it respectable to earn her honest bread by the side of her brother, man."

Grandparents Owens and Damron had proved their executive ability and courage on the battlefield and by the fireside. Grandmother Owens had twelve children, all of whom came to maturity and marriage, but Grandmother Damron died young with her husband and left six to battle with life in their tender years. Of these Sarah became Mrs. Owens and followed the fortunes of her husband from Kentucky to Missouri. Here they built a cabin and cultivated their land. What a picture is drawn in the narrative of Mr. Owens ploughing; the oldest daughter (afterwards the mother of Mrs. Fulton, wife of the United States Senator from Oregon), sitting in a little chair attached to the plow, while his wife, carrying the baby in her arms, dropped seed corn in the furrow. That baby was Bethenia.

In the spring of 1843 Mr. and Mrs. Owens, with their children, joined the Emigration for Oregon. The story of their trip is related by Mrs. Owens. She often had to drive the five teams of oxen which drew the wagon while her husband led the party in quest of game. On one occasion she was the nurse and doctor for the woman who was the mother of the first child born in that emigration. It is not with Mrs. Owens' story that we have to deal save as it shows the heredity from which Dr. Owens-Adair derived some sterling traits and that women did their full part in settling this new country and in defending it from the Indians.

Mr. and Mrs. Owens settled in Clatsop County, near the mouth of the Columbia, and when they could buy wheat Mrs. Owens parched it in a skillet and ground it in a coffee-mill to make flour for bread. She planted the handful of flax-seed she had brought with her, cutting off the sod and stirring up well the subsoil with a hoe, that not a precious grain might fail to germinate. The flax from the first harvest she spun on a home-made wheel and this gave her shoe thread and some floss for comforts. The seed carefully saved grew larger crops each year until she could furnish the Indians with cord for their fish-nets, receiving in exchange chinook salmon, which brought her in as much as $150.00 a year. About the same sum she used to realize from the cranberries she picked and sent to San Francisco, and then there were cows with dairy products, and from this time the

family grew wealthy, as wealth was counted in those days. Such was the life of the pioneer woman in Oregon.

Of all this active life Bethenia had a part and with all was the nurse, seldom being without a child in her arms, and more clinging to her. One of her amusements was to climb to the top of the haymow and then slide down with the baby in her arms and the two next younger clinging to her. When she was 12 years old she had the only opportunity of her childhood to attend school, a three months' school being held in their neighborhood that winter. She with all the children over four years old walked the two miles daily with the handsome teacher who boarded at their house. Something of the determination to have an education which was a mastering force in her life afterwards was due doubtless to the inspiration of this beloved teacher.

In 1853 the family moved to Roseburg to have more room for their herds, and in the following year Bethenia, when but a child of 14, married a man named Hill. This was with the full approval of her parents, and, young as she was, she made her own wedding outfit, both of clothing and bedding. That they had to begin housekeeping in a small cabin and with scant furnishings did not cause her any uneasiness, for had not her father reached Clatsop with only fifty cents in his pocket and left it ten years later with over $20,000? But Mr. Hill was not industrious and thrifty like Mr. Owens, and no matter how hard the little wife worked they never got ahead, and after Mr. Owens had given them several starts, and reverses had embittered Mr. Hill's temper so that he used violence to both wife and baby, she took her child and returned to her parents. Some time after the suit for divorce gave her the custody of the child and the right to resume her maiden name.

At 18 years of age she decided to obtain some book learning, and accordingly walked daily with her younger brothers and sisters to the excellent school in Roseburg. To make it easier for her mother, with whom she left her child, she arose early to aid in the milking and the housework, and on Saturdays did the family washing. It is impossible not to linger on these details which show the obstacles which had to be encountered before this girl could obtain that education which for the most part parents now-a-days are begging their children to take with no hardships to endure.

The next phase in this effort for an education was in 1860, when she visited her friend, Mrs. Munson at Oysterville, Washington, and accepted her offer to go to school. She aided her friend with the household work and earned money for her necessary expenses by washing in the evenings. Later she was with her sister in Astoria, where she taught a little summer school, which brought her in $25. This added to a fund from the sale of wild blackberries, which she had picked, enabled her to secure a small room, where she cared for nephew and child and attended the school with them, her board

having been paid by her summer's work. At the end of nine months she had passed into most of the advanced classes.

With variations this was the story of the next four years, always working to meet the expenses of herself and child, always studying her books and planning to better her condition in the future. At length she was fitted to teach, which she did at Bruceport, in the more difficult school at Oysterville and finally in Clatsop at $40.00 a month. With an accumulated fund of $400 she bought half a lot in Astoria and built a three-roomed cottage, of which she was as proud as a queen, because she had really earned it herself.

In the autumn she rented her cottage and took a stage ride to Roseburg to visit her relatives. Here she was persuaded to set up a dressmaking and millinery establishment, in which she had two years of uninterrupted prosperity. Then a new milliner came to the growing town and this one had all the latest fashions and understood all the methods of the trade. Accidentally Mrs. Owens saw the new milliner and her husband in their backyard, and learned their secrets of bleaching and pressing. Making her own plaster of paris blocks from buckram frames, she was now ready to meet her rival on her own ground. However, she determined to be fully master of her business, so she spent the winter of 1867 in San Francisco with the best millinery establishment there. When she returned to Roseburg in the spring, she brought back the "creations" on which she had been working, ordered a show window in the front of her little store, got out her printed announcements, was ready for a grand opening, and that year cleared $1500.

In 1871 she took up the study of Gray's Anatomy, spending all her spare time on this, while she planned how to arrange her business so as to take a course in medical instruction. A few of her men friends, Dr. Hamilton, who loaned her medical works; Hon. S. F. Chadwick, who told her to go ahead, she would win; and the Hon. Jesse Applegate, were all who gave her any encouragement to take such a radical step, but, nothing daunted, she arranged to leave her business and go to Philadelphia for a medical education. Her relatives, her women friends and her customers all thought she was crazy. Two of the latter expostulating with her, she said to them: "You will change your mind when I come back a physician, and charge you more than I ever have for hats and bonnets." "Not much," replied the lady. "You are a good milliner, but I'll never have a woman doctor about me." Both these ladies afterwards called upon Dr. Owens for professional services and doubtless they have patronized men milliners, or will find themselves obliged to, for the last census showed us the proportion of men in the millinery business increasing much faster than that of women.

There are six great trans-continental lines by which the Oregonian may reach Philadelphia now-a-days, but when Dr. Owens set forth it was in the California overland stage. In due time she reached Phila-

delphia, matriculated in the Eclectic School of Medicine, attended lectures and clinics in the Blockeley Hospital, received her degree and returned to Roseburg to wind up her millinery business, and then settled in Portland, where, in connection with her medical practice she established electrical and medicated baths, the first of the kind in the city. It was seventeen years since she, an unlettered, puny child, had fled from her husband with her two-year-old baby in her arms, and every step in the way she had won by her own indomitable perseverance and industry. This son, George, was now ready to enter the Medical Department of the Willamette University, where she maintained him until he graduated and then set him up in pharmacy at Goldendale.

The years went by and in spite of living well and helping others she had a surplus of $8000, which she determined to spend in increasing her knowledge. In 1878 she again set off for Philadelphia, "not this time with a storm without and within, but surrounded with sunshine and followed by the good wishes of many friends."

Her desire was to enter Jefferson College, so she applied, following the advice of Dr. Hannah Longshore, to Professor Gross, who, although personally friendly to admitting women, had to say that the board of regents were a whole age behind the times, and they would be "shocked, scandalized, and enraged at the mere mention of admitting a woman into Jefferson College, and the students of Jefferson College had a few years before rotten-egged women students as they were leaving Blockeley Hospital. He urged her to go to the Woman's College, saying, what was true, that it was just as good and the examinations required were identically the same. However, Dr. Owens had determined to have a degree that the most skeptical with regard to the standing of a woman in medicine would have to acknowledge was second to none; so she took the next train for Ann Arbor, without delaying long enough to accept the professor's invitation to breakfast.

Sixteen hours a day in study for the nine months of school, ten hours a day during vacations, and at the end of the second year she had taken her degree. She spent another year at the University as resident physician, attending lectures, in company with her son, Dr. Hill, who joined her this year for post-graduate work.

Dr. Owens finished up her three years' work with a visit to the principal cities of Europe, and returned to Portland with but a pittance of the $8000 with which she set forth. She soon had a lucrative practice in Portland, which she retained even after her marriage with Col. John Adair, who had been the friend of her childhood. The little daughter who came to fill the cup of happiness of Dr. Owens-Adair lingered but a short time, but left a vacancy that even her medical practice could not fill, and as her husband was obliged to be much of the time in Astoria to look after the large property in which they had invested, she decided to join him there. She soon had a good practice in Astoria, but in two years had a severe illness from

defective drainage and she was obliged to move to their farm, where she lived eleven years. Of this period she says: "During all those eleven years I carried on my professional work as best I could in that out-of-the-way place, and at no time did I ever refuse a call, day or night, rain or shine. I was often compelled to go on foot through trails so overhung with dense undergrowth and obstructed with logs and roots, that a horse and rider could not get past, and through muddy and flooded tide-lands in gum boots."

These were hard times for the city physician who had had an annual practice of $7000 a year, but love and duty held her to her post. In addition to this she had to look after the farm and the stock when her husband was away, until at length the mental and physical stress made her a victim to rheumatism, an hereditary enemy. For the benefit of her health she visited her son, who was settled at North Yakima, and feeling at once benefitted by the change, she decided to locate there. Accordingly, she persuaded her husband to rent the farm and move with her to North Yakima in 1899. Here Dr. Owens-Adair practiced until October, 1905, during which time she earned a sum approximating $25,000. This well invested enabled her to retire from practice to enjoy the luxury of spending some time on their farm, to visit her old friend, Mrs. Inez L. Parker, in San Diego, where she prepared this book for the press.

Now with her husband and her grandson, their adopted heir-at-law, and others who she has gathered under her wing, Dr. Owens-Adair lives at their Sunnymead farm, near Astoria. Here she says the latch string always hangs out.

The editor of The Tribune has gladly renewed the acquaintance formed with Dr. Owens-Adair in 1884, and to note that she looks as young as her picture, which is given in this issue. It would not seem to have been at all necessary for Dr. Owens-Adair to retire from practice on account of age, but it seems to be her character, when she has got all out of a situation that it has for her in experience and development, to want to pass on. Now she purposes to occupy herself with literary work, having in view a work on medicine from a woman's standpoint. She is interested in reforms, notably in woman suffrage, and Oregon is fortunate to win back from Washington one who is so earnest in this regard and who may be relied on for the future.

MY FIRST GEM LETTER

Oregon City, Ore., Dec. 4, 1906.

My Dear Doctor Adair:

I cannot tell you how very interesting I have found the story of your life. Some bits of it I had before, and now it is all together, one can judge better of the heroism of an individual in pioneer times and of the influence a noble spirit can have on a state. For you have influenced not only your immediate surroundings but far beyond. Oregon is indebted to you not alone for your efforts for yourself and all womankind, but also for this plain and lucid narrative of it all. Such books were my delight when young. The story of Anna Dickinson sent me to college, gave me courage to undertake a classical education in days when few girls did and when none of my acquaintances had, made me "headstrong" (as my father called it) enough to actually run away to Oberlin with something of the same spirit you had in trying to get an education. So I know all about it. And now, if every girl in Oregon could read your book, it would encourage many another to dare to do what you did.

On page 141 you mention the death of Big Foot, the same chief that I have mentioned on the last line of page 77 of The Conquest. How well the old trail is known to me you may judge from those pages, the transcontinental march from Virginia to the Columbia. I am enclosing a request for J. K. Gill to let you have a copy of The Conquest with my compliments.

You are one who will never grow old; the spirit is that of eternal youth, and your book will keep your memory ever green in Oregon. I want Mrs. Inez Parker, also, to have a copy of The Conquest, and request it in the same order with yours. Please hand it to her when you next see her.

I should be glad to give you one of my last books, but have not one. They slip away so fast, and I find myself unable to keep up with them.

If you or Mrs. Parker ever come to Oregon City I shall expect to see you at my home. I think of you both as sisters in the same great battle that I have fought—and won.

To me a true story like yours is worth all the fiction ever written. It touches back into the heroic age and brings its glory down to now.

Ever your faithful friend,

EVA EMERY DYE.

My first Gem Letter.

Sunnymead Farm, Warrenton, Oregon, Dec. 18th, 1906.

My Dear Mrs. Dye:

Your favor of Dec. 4th reached me Dec. 14th. I cannot tell you how gratifying and soothing your letter was to me. It was more than a soothing draught to a tired brain, for it was a sedative and a stimulant as well. It reached down into the depths of my soul and played gently upon the most delicate chords of my sensitive nature.

I had been so anxious and so worried, fearing that my first effort might be "turned down." I have met with so many rebuffs! You have the faculty of saying such charming things! And you dress your subjects in such becoming attire that it adds both beauty and grace.

Yes, I shall gladly accept your generous invitation to visit you in your home, as I especially wish your advice. I may go up to the Historical Society, and arrange to see you then.

Meanwhile, I am

Most sincerely,
DR. OWENS-ADAIR.

Fort Simcoe, Wash., Dec. 21, 1906.

Dear Dr. Adair:

Mother received your book which you sent her, and has been wanting to write and thank you for it, but does not get down to it. The main reason is, she has been to much interested in reading it; and you know that she is so slow now at everything. I have never seen her so interested in anything since she has been here as she is in that book. She is very much pleased with it. I want to read it when she has finished it, although I have heard much that she has read aloud.

From your friend,
INEZ COBURN.

Sister of my daughter-in-law, Mrs. G. J. Hill.

Goldendale, Wash., Jan. 24, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

Dear Friend: We received the book you so kindly sent us, and I write to thank you for both John and myself. We think the book very interesting, and well gotten up. I cannot tell you how much we appreciate it, especially John, for he was personally acquainted with so many of the characters in it.

Again thanking you for the book, and wishing you a very happy and prosperous life, I remain

Yours truly,
MRS. J. M. HESS.

Empire City, Ore., Dec. 14, 1906.

My Dear Aunt:

John and I received your beautiful present, which we both highly appreciated; and written words are too poor to tell you how thankful we are to you for this history of your life.

It will be a very great benefit to us both in our life, and will teach us also to strive earnestly for the best and most useful life in our power.

John says it is the best and most interesting book he ever read. He is delighted with it, and he will write to you too, as soon as he can.

With much love to all.

Your niece.

ADA BILYEU.

The Dalles, Ore., Dec. 19, 1906.

My Dear Doctor:

I cannot tell you how surprised and pleased I was to receive a copy of your book. I thank you ever so much, for I feel that I was such a new friend that I did not expect such an honor. I have read it —swallowed it almost whole—and I am so proud to think that a woman has done so much, made such a success of life with all the drawbacks of a pioneer life, not the least of which were its prejudices. Your story reads like a romance. Surely truth is stranger than fiction. There is a lot of history, otherwise unwritten, of value to the future historian, in it. I am glad you have put this creature of your brain on record and I truly congratulate you. I told your story as I remembered it in our History club yesterday afternoon, and, judging from the wrapt attention and eager questions, I must have had a good story to tell.

I understand some of the localities you tell about much better since visiting Clatsop Plains last summer by the kindness of your husband. That was a day long to be remembered—so full of historic interest and in company with such makers of history. I hope you will still use your pen for the public print on subjects of vital interest. I feel very strongly for the child labor subject, which is such a blot on our fair land; also the move for a school for feeble-minded in our own state.

With best regards for future, and regards to Col. Adair and John Jr., am Yours truly,

LULU CRANDALL.

Mrs. Lulu Crandall, whom I know and honor as a friend.

North Yakima, Wash., Dec. 19, 1906.

Dear Doctor:

I want to acknowledge my pleasure in reading your book. Mrs. Hill handed me a copy, and I have read nearly one-third of its contents, mostly aloud to Mrs. Steinway.

I'll bet you were a "Tom-boy" all right! And thus you prepared yourself to battle against misfortune and poverty, with the energy that overcomes all obstacles.

I know we will take much pleasure in finishing the book. You write as you talk—clearly and right to the point.

I thank you again for sending me the book.

Sincerely your friend,

W. L. STEINWAY, President.

The First National Bank.

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710 Court St., The Dalles, Ore.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

My Dear Friend: My friend returned your book, and am reading it, and am perfectly fascinated with it. I say it is wonderful that you can have gone through so many hard and trying experiences, and after they seem to be over, can write them all down in so clear and interesting a narrative. And the dear old ladies you have known! I feel that I, too, have known them when reading the beautiful thoughts you transcribe in giving sketches of their lives.

It is a lovely thing to thus perpetuate their memories. Those strong characters, grand and noble women, worthy of all honor! I envy you your talent of portraying those characteristics of the pioneer women.

You do it so well because you are one of the strong characters of pioneer history, yourself, and have felt so much of hardship, in some ways.

I hope sincerely that from now on your life may be one of happy work, for work, and not idleness, is happiness, if it is congenial work.

Accept my congratulations on your successful book, and I thank you for my copy.

Affectionately,

(MRS.) ELIZABETH LORD.

Mrs. Lord is an author and did her part well.

684 Wasco St., Portland, Ore.
Dec. 17, 1906.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

Dear Friend: I have just finished your book, and found it intensely interesting. The simple, unvarnished recital of the incidents of your own early and later life, and of the lives of others honored in pioneer history, have all the quaintness of folk-lore tales, and all bear the charm of simplicity and verity.

Thanking you sincerely for the pleasure the book has given me, and wishing you yet many happy, peaceful and prosperous years, I am

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

C. A. COBURN.

Mrs. Coburn is a sister of the late H. W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian. She was a lovely character.

Astoria, Ore., Jan. 5, 1906.

Dear Doctor:

Pleased to note that you are receiving so soon recognition of your valued and good book. As time goes on and the book is read, the call for it will be wonderfully increased.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK PATTON, Cashier.

The Astoria Savings Bank.

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
February 3, 1907.

My Dear Dr. Adair:

I must beg your pardon for not having earlier acknowledged the receipt of the copy of your book, which you so kindly sent us.

I wished first to read it, and here I have little time for reading.

I need not tell you that we were delighted to receive a copy, and that we both have read it with very great interest.

I must really congratulate you on having written a most interesting and, in some respects, a most valuable work. It shall always have a place among my favorite works in my library.

With kindest regards, and best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. W. FULTON,

(United States Senator, from Clatsop County)

Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 3, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

My Dear Friend: Your valuable and interesting book is received and I am reading it; and I assure you it is very interesting to me. Most of it I had knowledge of, as I have been almost an eyewitness; but your earliest history I had no knowledge of whatever before.

I like your style of writing and expression very much indeed. I have already read up to page 91. It is printed on very nice paper, and all in first-class order.

Thank you most sincerely for the book. When all is read, I will write you again. I shall never forget you, when in the fall of '59 you came to our house and took care of my dear wife and Frank, our babe there. Yes, it is wonderful what a great amount of difficulty you have overcome in your early life, and how you succeeded in it all.

Well do I remember when you came to me to get medical books to read and start your professional life. I said yes, and helped you all I could; and now I only regret that I did not try to do more for you, for I always liked you for your courage and enterprise.

I shall take pleasure in showing the book to my friends, and all I meet. Now I am lonely, but not without great hope for the future. Lonely because my dear wife has gone to the Paradise of God, and this is a great consolation to me. Mrs. Hamilton always thought a great deal of you. Oh, how glad I would be if she could have lived to read your nice and interesting history.

This town has improved very much, so you would hardly know the place.

Kind regards to you and all your friends. From

Yours truly,

S. HAMILTON, M. D.

Mrs. Hamilton was an author and quite a poet. She wrote a volume in verse describing their trip to Oregon by ox team.

Astoria, Ore., Dec. 17, 1906.

Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair,
Astoria, Ore.

Dear Doctor:

I wish to express my sincere thanks for your valued gift, viz: Your "Early Recollections and Experiences."

It certainly is a very interesting and charming book. I am now reading its contents, and enjoy it very much.

Thanking you again, I am

Sincerely yours,

FRANK PATTON.

Astoria Savings Bank.

House of Representatives,
Washington, May 7, 1907.

My Much Valued Friend:

Your very kind favor is received, in which I have your cordial congratulations upon my vindication in the U. S. Courts here; and I wish to thank you for this generous approval. I have further acknowledgements to remember for your very interesting "Life Experiences," which I have read with more than ordinary interest. In reading these reminiscences I am again living in the day and scenes gone by. There arises before me the old time faces, gone never to return: Applegate, Chadwick, Harry, your father and brother, Fitzhugh—pioneers all—and men of ability, courage and determination. I read the verses composed by the village poets and recognize some initials as those of dear, good friends who were factors of influence in the little town, but who have gone hence. What a long procession marches before our vision of these actors in the Umpqua vales of 40 years ago. It does not seem possible that all have gone, excepting here and there some lone one, grizzled and grey, forgotten and aimlessly wandering along the highway where once he was the "hyee-tyee" consulted by all—while now there is none so poor as to do him reverence. But such is life. And yet I feel that I am again among these revered old faces as your interesting book brings them to memory. I call the roll and they all seem to appear among us. There is Jacksons, Fruite, Dr. Hamilton, old Asher Marks and Uncle Sam and Billy Friedlander, Sol and Hyram Abraham, Dr. Hoover, A. R. Flint, S. F. Chadwick, Col. Mosher, L. F. Love, Aaron Rose, John Party, Moses Parrot, Thomas Owens, Compton, old man Craze, Fitzhugh, Flowers, Heineberg, the Jones family and a host of others. Life is to short to dwell long on the past, as the future with all of its pressing responsibilities and uncertainties bids us give heed to our dates here, and thus the better to prepare to join our brethren gone before to that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

I thank you again for this remembrance in permanent form of so many life experiences, with that of your own. And while those contemporary with those you describe will soon be gone, yet to those who follow them, they will remain a true picture of many of the courageous men and women who blazed the way to Oregon.

Sincerely your friend,

BINGER HERMAN.

Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair, Warrenton, Ore.

The Hon. Binger Herman has served his country well.

Saturday, 9 p. m.
1907.

My Dear Mother Friend:

Your book came today, and I call it my Christmas present. I am perfectly delighted with it, and, too, because you wrote it. Besides skipping about and reading here and there, Tom has read aloud to me the first 85 pages, while I have been working on a little Christmas gift you will see later. We are both fascinated with the book, as far as we have gone.

I do wish you had put in an old fashioned picture of yourself as a girl or real young woman. But you draw the picture so one can almost see you. I have looked so anxiously for a letter from you, to know if you found your lost satchel. I did enjoy your visit so much, and hope you can run over again before summer.

I can't thank you enough for the book.

With lots of love,
LILLIE GLENN O'NEIL.

The only daughter of my dear friend, Dr. Glenn, one of the earliest dentists in Portland, Oregon.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 11, 1906.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.

My Dear Friend of Many Years:

When you told me you were writing a book I anticipated much pleasure with its issue, and so I lost no time in securing a copy. To say that I am delighted does not fully express my mind, as I turn from page to page in its perusal, and I want to lose no time in adding to your own satisfaction by telling you of my great pleasure.

Your story of your childhood, and of your career as the years have rolled on, carries me back to the dating of our own intimate and continuous friendship of almost forty years' duration.

You write as you talk—forcibly, plainly and entertainingly. Especially is it so to the friends of the earlier times, who are so frequently reminded of the peoples and occurrences of the earlier days, as well as of the later times and changes in our Oregon country.

Accept my kindest regards and best wishes for yet many years of happiness as well as usefulness, for I opine that you will, while life holds out, be busy, and in good ways, as of old.

Yours truly,
O. P. S. PLUMMER.

Dr. Plummer was one of my dearest friends and was my father's family physician before I dreamed of studying medicine.

Forest Grove, Ore., March 10, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair:

Dear Madam: I write to acknowledge the receipt, through Mr. Himes, of a copy for the Library of Pacific University, of your valuable book, and to thank you for the same.

Yours respectfully,
JAS. W. MARSH,
Librarian P. U.

North Yakima, Wash., Jan. 8, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair:

I acknowledge the receipt of your book, for which we thank you many times. I have enjoyed its pages from the first to the last, also Mr. R. and Raymond look for it when they get home in the evening the first thing.

Hoping to see you soon,

Your friend,
MRS. REDFIELD.

Walla Walla, Wash., April 22, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.
Dear Madam:

Through the courtesy of Mr. Geo. F. Himes a copy of your "Life Experiences" has been donated to the library and will be placed on our shelves. We are glad to add the volume to our list.

Yours truly,
T. C. ELLIOTT, Secy.
Walla Walla Public Library.

Eugene, Ore., July 6, 1907.

Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.
Dear Madam:

Mr. Gill gave me a copy of your book, which I have read with deep interest. I think it is worth much to our young people to have this narrative of the life experiences of one whose life illustrates, as yours does, the ability and efficacy of enthusiastic, persistent, honest endeavor.

I have just mailed you a copy of my little history.

With great respects,

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH SCHAFER.
(Professor of History, University of Oregon)

Legislature of 1907, Senate Chamber,
Olympia, Wash., Jan 19, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Astoria, Ore.

Dear Dr. Adair:

Just before leaving home Mrs. Coleman brought me a copy of your history of early times in Oregon, and although I had time only to glance partially through it, I appreciate your kindness to me, and I am very thankful to you for your remembrance.

And I am sure your book will be read and appreciated by many who will be glad that some one has had the foresight to leave some of the struggles that the early settlers of this, now great Northwest, had to make to bring this country up to the present standard, and to pave the way for the great benefits that millions now, and will, enjoy.

Will be glad to get a line from you any time.

Sincerely your friend,
WALTER J. REED.
(State Senator)

Senator Reed left his footsteps upon his adopted country. He was a man to be honored among men.

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316 Twenty-third Ave. So., Seattle, Wash.
February 26, 1907.

Dear Dr. Owens-Adair:

Please find enclosed check for $1.50 in payment for your book.

I have had time to read only six chapters so far, but I have been much interested in the story of your trials and perseverance; and I thank you very much for the book.

Yours sincerely,
AGNES B. HARRISON.

Physician and Dr. Adair's classmate in Michigan University.

National City, Cal., Jan. 17, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

Dear Friend: I am sorry to be so tardy in thanking you for the compliment you paid me last December in sending me a copy of your book, but I have absolved a part of the penance by asking Mrs. Parker to apprise you of its safe arrival. The book came upon the eve of my son's arrival from Berkeley, so I have been full of business since, up to the present time.

The book had the effect of an epidemic; i. e., that I could neither eat nor sleep till it was downed. It is characteristic of its heroic

author, full of original vigor from start to finish. I feel quite sure the book will have the same impression on others, especially the old pioneers of that state. It is a strong reference book for all time to their progeny. You have portrayed men and women of bone and muscle and sinew, endowed with the "push" to go through and over rivers and mountains almost impassable, and conquer that wild aboriginal land of Indians, cactus and sagebrush. Their adventures seem so marvelous that I could scarcely believe them real, had I not also been through some of thier feats, in my pioneer practice in New Mexico and Colorado, thus proving, to myself at least, that we can accomplish almost anything we are called upon to do in life, when the pinch comes. Your book is a true history of the sterling spirits of that day. Would that the country possessed more of them at the present day. The press would not then teem with accounts of so many outrages and violations of law, as it does at the present time. You are now enjoying a just harvest, after so many years of turmoil and exertion, and I hope your remaining years may be filled to overflowing with happiness and love, with "virtute quies." Your book does both yourself and Mrs. Parker credit, and I wish you much joy in its flattering reception by the public.

We shall hope soon to see you back here for a season again.

Your loving friend,

A. F. MOORE, M. D.

One of the noble women who devoted
her life to making sick people better.
What could be better?

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 24, 1907.

Doctor Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Oregon.

My Dear Doctor:

I am just in receipt of your book, and I need not say that we are delighted therewith. Many thanks for so kind and considerate a remembrance of us. It is the second time in the experience of rather a long life that I have had a book gvien to me "with the author's compliments." Of course the book will be prized accordingly.

I have only glanced casually into it thus far, but it appears to me that I am well acquainted with all the places and scenes described, as well as with most of the persons referred to therein.

My wife and Ross join in kind personal regards to yourself, the Colonel and John, and with best wishes for a "Happy and Prosperous New Year," I remain

Very sincerely yours,

R. R. MUNRO,
Inspector in Charge.

Post Office Department.

A friend worth having.

4334 Tenth Ave N. E., Seattle, Wash.
January 21, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.

Dear Friend:

Press of work has prevented my perusing your book until very lately; hence my delay in acknowledging the receipt of the same, and returning our sincere thanks.

Yesterday, however, I spent several hours in reading the work. I must say that I am very happily surprised; for, though I had seen enough of your writing to convince me that you are a woman of real literary ability, I hardly expected you to produce such a bright literary gem. It sparkles with interest from cover to cover. I congratulate you, not alone upon the book, but upon the career which it outlines; for certainly few admire more sincerely than I the energy and force which have enabled you to fight your way, despite early disadvantages, from obscurity and poverty to a high place in the professional world.

Convey my congratulations to Mrs. Parker, also for her part, and especially for the beautiful poems.

Little Florence is two years old today. She is a bright, active little thing, pretty as a picture, happy as a lark most of the time; talks almost incessantly in full, complete sentences. Her birthmark, thanks to the skill of Dr. Sharples, is no longer a blemish, the scar being so slight as to be scarcely noticeable. Her brown curly hair is the admiration of all beholders.

My last book, a history of Skagit and Snohomish counties, issued from the press and was delivered some time ago. I should be pleased to send you a copy, but that through an error of the publishers the edition was made too small, and we are short of books. The work is considerably larger than was that on Central Washington.

Some members of the Interstate Publishing Company have withdrawn to go into other lines of activity, and as I have not the funds to continue in business alone, I am now out of permanent employment. I think I shall rest from literary pursuits for a year or so, but at the end of that time I should like to find a good job on a newspaper or magazine. I am writing a little at odd times for the Washington Magazine at present.

I shall wait with pleasurable anticipation the issuance of your next volume. Perhaps after awhile you will make another trip to Europe, this time in search of literary materials. I should be on the road myself in short order, had I the capital to justify, but I am not a moneymaker, and poverty will always stand in the way of the attainment of my ambitions, perhaps.

Mrs. Shiach sends her love. With very best wishes from us all, and in the hope that you may sometime make us that promised visit, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
W. S. SHIACH.

2252 Broadway, San Francisco, Cal.
March 5, 1907.

Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair,
Astoria, Oregon.

My Dear Doctor:

I am in receipt of your book entitled "Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences," which I shall take great pleasure in reading as soon as my wife gets through with it. She considers that she has, in this case, prior rights over her husband.

Mrs. Hammond and I arrived here yesterday from New York, after a four months' absence, which accounts for my not acknowledging receipt of the book sooner. We will take great pleasure in reading your work, and thank you very much for sending it to us.

With kind regards to the Colonel and family, and best greetings to yourself, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
A. B. HAMMOND.

A. B. Hammond is of large resources —got his education in the woods among the hardest knocks. He is a multi-millionaire—made a million in one deal, because he knew more about timber than the rich man's heirs, who were better posted in neckties and up-to-date styles.

Linnton, Ore., Sept. 27, 1911.

Mrs. Doctor Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.

My Dear Doctor:

I took up your book on leaving Astoria and did not lay it down till we were near Linnton, my home, so you may know I became very much interested. My father was at Yreka, California, during the mining days, and should he come here, as he intends next summer, I want him to meet you. He is in his eighties, but bright and active and living with his third wife, so you may know he has been something of a man, being the father of 16 children.

I placed one of your pamphlets in the hands of a minister, who I found was in hearty accord. Do you not find this true: men and women under 35 are with you in this movement, and that your main opposition comes from people over that age?

I hope you will live to see your proposed law enacted in this and every other state in the Union.

Now, doctor, our only boy has gone to Seattle to school, and we will appreciate it very much if you should stop off here and make this your headquarters when you come to Portland. You see the cars stop in front of our place, and it is only 5 cents to town. You could go in every day if you wished and be here in the evening.

Mrs. Mann would like very much to meet you. This is our latch-string, and it will always be out for you.

Yours very respectfully,

S. M. MANN, M. D.

A new made friend met by chance
at a sick patient's bed.

North Yakima, Wash., March 30, 1915.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Grandview Farm.

My Dear Doctor:

I take the liberty in writing you that I might thank you for the many pleasant thoughts and encouragement I gained from reading your book. Furthermore, that I might express my admiration though it be feeble and inadequate. I became particularly engrossed in your autobiography, as it brings out so forcibly the power of individual purpose. Your intensity of purpose depicted in those terse, abrupt and vital sentences as a conscious concentration of effort to attain an end commands admiration that cannot be expressed. It creates a stimulus that makes one want to sweep higher in the pure, inspiring, embracing air of noble ideals, and though the goal may never be reached, the inspiration of struggle may mean as much as the crown of victory. I think, too, that we are jugged by the motives and ideals that inspired our purpose more than by our attainments. Your beautiful way in which you concentrated your efforts, be of greater usefulness to others, and to prove equal to your possibilities as they progressively grew larger under attainment, seems to have linked your separate days of living by a thread of continuity as scattered beads from a necklace by a golden strand running through them. Your tireless courage and sturdy, confident manner, pictures you to me as a living exponent that the triumph of right and will is a living, compelling fact. Circumstances that before were discouraging, I can see now stimulate and bring forth that latent energy that conquers these weaknesses that make the obstacles assume an abnormal shape.

I know that in the future when the sky is dark, the trials of life hard to bear and failures of the best efforts tempt to overthrow the altar of my ideals and purpose, I shall look upon this book and turn to it as a loving friend, a counselor and guide. It embodies infinite hope, help and encouragement and I shall prize it very highly. It

bespeaks of the authoress but does not do her full justice, and I hope that I may have the pleasure of cultivating your acquaintance further. I shall close with the sincere wish that your goal of happiness will be reached through your deserving fruits of toil.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

RAY A. HESS.

The author of this letter is now the husband of my only granddaughter.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 8, 1918.

Doctor Owens-Adair,
Astoria, Ore.

Dear Friend:

Mama and I arrived at home last Sunday morning and I have been trying to find time to write to you. I hope you are well and did not get mam's cold. She has fullly recovered now and sends you her best regards. I read your book and enjoyed it. You certainly had a time, didn't you. But every thing worth while must be worked for, I suppose. I heard from Jay this morning, and he said he couldn't go over to your house till after he was out of quarantine, but he would be over just as soon as he could. It is certainly great to be back where it doesn't rain so much, but I hope sometime to come back and see you. Jay and I will never forget your kindness. It would have been almost impossible for us to be married now if you hadn't helped us.

Gratefully yours,

MRS. JAY COOKE.

Spokane, Wash., Arden Hotel.

Jay Cooke was in the service. His company was building a railroad across my land. He was engaged to this young lady, and they were determined to get married before he should be ordered overseas. Her mother brought her to Astoria, but found the company quarantined. The good officer came to me and asked me to allow them to be married and give them rooms at my house, as he would give Jay thirty-six hours' leave. So he brought the minister, bride and her mother and picked up the young bride-groom as he came. All went well and before the month was out he was on his way to Spokane to meet his young wife.

Portland, Ore., Nov. 15, 1918.

Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.

My Dear Doctor Adair:

Allow me to offer you thanks for the copy of your first book, what is realy your autobiography, as it tells so much of your very thrilling and phenomenally successful life. I am thankful for any infinitely small part I may have acted in that life, and yet I am persuaded that I have used the wrong adjective (infinitessimal) in describing my share; for I remember to have done what I could to assist and serve you as best I could when it was the attitude of others to do otherwise. I am led to hope that you contemplate giving us another volume from your facile pen, and I hope to live to peruse its pages. I am glad to believe that you are well and enjoying your well spent life. I hasten to record my heartfelt rejoicing at the close of the great war. God has decreed that the world shall be better, and that the evils for which Germany has stood and struggled shall be banished from the world. Please read one of my favorite Psalms, the 37th—it marks the year of my birth, 1837, and it serves to hearten us in our belief of God's overruling providence in the affairs of this world. How splendid for one's beloved country and its God given president to occupy such exalted position in the estimation of the best people the world around.

Yours truly,
DR. G. W. WELLS.

360 E. 28th St. South.

A physician and surgeon whom I honor and love.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 29, 1917.

Dear Dr. Adair:

Just a line to tell you how very much I am enjoying the reading of your book. The busy days do not give much time for reading, but I keep the book on my desk and read whenever there is a little rest time after the work of the day is over.

I am going to southern Oregon for two weeks, so I'm loaning the book to Mrs. Houston who is anxious to read it.

Thanking you again for giving me so much pleasure,

Your friend,
(Signed) JENNIE M. KEMP.

One of our good and true women of the W. C. T. U.—known to be loved.

Palo Alto, Cal., Dec. 14, 1921.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

Very Dear Doctor: Your life has been such an inspiration to me in a social and business way, to attempt to tell with pen would be impossible. Only the one who said: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me." As I read your great book the story of your life can not help but exclaim, "What a wonderful life!" Starting at the very first round of the ladder of life, and round by round to the very pinacle of success—this at the time of your entering the medical profession was no easy task, as women were not considered their fathers' or brothers' equals and few universities willing to open their doors to women. Yet with a great mind and will to succeed, success has crowned your efforts and today your name is one that will never be forgotten as long as this world shall stand as the mother of the sterilization bill in Oregon.

One we believe has done more to better the conditions of life and improve our state and generation. Truly it is seldom in life we meet one that has accomplished, not only as a successful physician, but by your pen, of which has not been to gain fame; knowing you as I do, am certain that this has not been your thought. The only object has been for the betterment of humanity. And truly the rising generation will rise up and call you blessed. No one can meet you and not be helped to go forward, believing that great achievements may be accomplished by any that will say, "What has been accomplished in the past may be in the future"—though our friends may not see any great thing for us in life. No one could see anything in Simon Peter but a poor fisherman, but God saw in him a great preacher. Peter's life and work still lives. And we will, not only as a state but as a nation, hold sacred the memory of Dr. Owens-Adair for the light given us through her writings.

There is a solemn obligation resting on the church and her ministry have been silent on one of the most vital questions of sex relation is a silent confession of shame over the ages long and well nigh universal; and truly God has raised up one, Dr. Owens-Adair, who has broken this silence with no uncertain sound.

Doctor, there is no question in my mind but the greatest hindrance to spiritual life and successful work in evangelism is along this line. Doctor, I believe, from the viewpoint of religious education, it is of vital importance that all public speakers should stand for the full gospel, and demand better laws to protect our coming generation. And in the annals of history may your name have its place as the woman, as the successful physician, that dared to stand opposition and criticism for a bill which, through your untiring efforts, has become a law, which will bring a class of men and women to take their place in the coming generation which any state or nation may be proud of—and our moral degenerates will not be known.

Only the one who said He would reward us according to our works can reward you, and that Rewarder of all Good in Younder World will say: "Ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joys prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And the prayers of your humble friend are that you may be spared many years and success crown your efforts.

Every your friend,

(REV.) MRS. M. SUTLIFF,
Minister of the Church of God.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 12, 1916.

My Dear Doctor Adair:

I hope you will not think I have forgotten you, for I haven't; indeed, I have told many of my friends that yours was one of the most interesting interviews I have had, and many people have spoken to me about the story. When I telephoned to Bushnell, who now operates the Aune studio, for a print of yours they sent me one with the hand up to the face. I wanted the other, so had them make me another and am sending you the extra one. Thought you might like it. Am also enclosing the picture you brought down and the clipping of the story. I have read part of your book, as the story will indicate, but have been moving and so haven't finished it. It is most interesting and I had many a good laugh, particularly over the part where you sat at the window and learned to reblock and press hats.

I suppose you will be starting for California soon. I trust you will have a pleasant winter and a safe return to Oregon.

Most sincerely yours,

VELLA WINNER,

The above is the young woman whom the Oregon Journal imported to write up what she called the special women of Oregon. I think she is still with the Journal in some special club work.

Portland, March 4.

My Dear Dr. Owens-Adair:

I have been reading your book which you so kindly gave me the order on Gill's for. I find it so interesting. Your pioneer life and all your brave efforts for an advanced education. Surely you are one of Oregon's most wonderful women. Thank you ever so much for the book.

Mr. Nash has just read the passage about flax growing in 1846. He wants to know whether he may quote it in an article on flax he is

writing for the Journal? You know he has been a great advocate for flax these thirty years and more. You know now another effort is being made to get it grown on a large scale in Oregon.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) TONITA A. NASH.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash were English. She was secretary for the W. C. T. U. and a vigorous worker. She was always in a good humor. Once we went to the theatre, where three eminent Y.M.C.A. workers were speaking. When we got out she said: "Now, really, what an accent. I could hardly understand my own language. Surely I do better than that."

---

92 First St., Portland, Ore.
March 7, 1907.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.

Dear Doctor:

The enclosed addressed to us is self-explanatory. It seems that the humble firm of Mann & Beach, printers, are getting a little advertising out of your splendid book, which book is becoming world-widely famous.

We are also sending you under separate cover the magazine spoken of in the card.

Hope to see you when you come to the city.

Yours truly,
MANN & BEACH.

The Card:

"The Anglo-Russian,"
21 Paternoster Square, London, E. C.

I shall be much obliged for a review copy of Dr. Owens-Adair's book of which I have read such a good account in the "Woman's Tribune." My journal supports the Women's Suffrage Movement, and deals with it systematically. I send you specimen copies.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain

Fraternally yours,
JAAKOFF PRELOOKER,
Editor.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.
March 9, 1918.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Yakima, Wash.

My Dear Doctor:

I have your kind letter of January 28th, and want to apologize for my long delay in answering; but the stress of work during these strenuous days is so heavy that friendly, encouraging letters like yours are, I am sorry to say, necessarily neglected, though I assure you they are none the less deeply appreciated.

Indeed, I remember, and often recall, when I had the honor of presiding as Speaker of the House at Salem, and I certainly do remember the wonderful work done by you. It is very gratifying to know that your work was crowned with success, and gratifying to me to know that I could render you assistance, however small.

Without a doubt you would now be in France were you a few years younger, but at seventy-eight years young you are unquestionably doing your bit at home. There is much to be done here.

Thanking you for your kind letter, and with my best personal regards, I am

Faithfully yours,
C. N. McARTHUR.

Congressman McArthur has served
Oregon faithfully and well.

Greeting Cards and Letters of Congratulation Upon My 82nd Birthday

Growing older? Not a day!
You're growing younger, every way:
Ask your friends, they'll all agree!
Birthdays can't fool them, or me.

With loving birthday wishes,
CAPTAIN AND MRS. L. P. HOSFORD.

Such a message as this from such friends as these brings gladness and joy. To me they bring memories of childhood, when I knew the Captain's father and mother years before he was born.

BIRTHDAY
FORGET-ME-NOTS

Your birthdays are forget-me-nots
That always bring to view
A host of happy memories
I have, my friend, of you.
And so with health and happiness
May heaven bless the day,
And send enough forget-me-nots
To make a big bouquet.

Feb. 2, 1922.

My Dear, Dear Friend:

I love you and want to wish you a happy birthday and as many of them as you want. We truly have spent many happy times together in our long, true friendship. I wish I could talk to you on this your 82nd birthday. We are all fine. Send much love.

Your true friend,
CORA GROUT.

You are the youngest of the Hosford Clan—more like your dear mother, my friend. I could but love you for her sake, but I also love you for yourself.

Feb. 3, 1922.

Dr. Owens-Adair.
Dear Friend: Love and a happy, happy birthday to you from

MR. AND MRS. JOHN HARKINS.

My friends, the oldest of "The Hosford Clan." Many happy days have we spent together—days that can never be forgotten.

Memories of the past, ever pleasant,
Link the old days with the present.

If this new birthday brings the joys
I wish you on this greeting,
'Twill be an anniversary
Supremely worth repeating.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Paso Robles, Cal., Box 688.
Many happy returns of the day. From
THE PETERSONS.

Another precious message from the "Hosford Clan." Never was there a better clan. I know them and love them all. I love them, including their sweet little buds of promise.

MY BIRTHDAY WISH

I wish you health and happiness
And all-the-year-'round cheer,
And friends: and all the worthwhile things
That go to make life dear.

To my friend, Dr. Owens-Adair.
ANNA C. CALDWELL.

To a friend from a friend.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

For many a year may you happily live,
Enjoying the best that life can give.

My Dear Doctor:

Every year a little happier
In the blessings Heaven sends,
Every year a little richer
In the number of your friends.

May you live to be a hundred and never grow older.

Your loving friend,
MYRTLE DAVIS.

Many thanks for your sweet thoughts. The love of a friend is the greatest gift. It maketh the heart glad and soothes the tired brain.

Astoria, Ore., Jan., 1922.

Pioneer daughter of Oregon pioneers, pioneer physician, fighting your way up against terrible odds, I congratulate you on your long and busy life unselfishly spent.

Wishing you many happy returns of the day, I am

Yours sincerely,
MRS. M. S. KINNEY.

Thanks for your congratulations and your appreciation of the success that has come to me through the struggles of my life.

Dear Doctor:

I wish you a long life and everything that makes a long life worth living. From

MRS. E. P. SMILEY.

Seaside, Ore.

Thanks for your pretty card of birthday greetings, and hope to see you ere long.

BIRTHDAY WISHES

I wish you joy with best of health,
Content, that's better far than wealth;
A laugh so open free and fair,
'Twill make a sunshine everywhere.

Feb. 7, 1922.

Best wishes from
THE NATIVE DAUGHTERS.

A sweet remembrance from the Native Daughters of Astoria and Clatsop county. They never fail me. Every year I am gladdened with a love token to remind me that I was born February 7, 1840.

Astoria, Ore., Feb. 3, 1922.

My Dear Doctor:

It is with pleasure that I write you these few lines to wish you much happiness, joy, success and contentment on your birthday, and hoping that you may have many more happy birthdays to come.

With love and best wishes,

MARY L. LARSON.

"Mary," the sweetest of all names. So well do I remember you in your swaddling clothes. You have always been a pure, good girl, and will grow to be a woman like your mother, helpful to all those around you.

YOUR BIRTHDAY

Across the stretch of many a mile,
My hand clasps yours today;
May fortune on your pathway smile,
And roses strew your way.

Dr. Adair. From
CARRIE LESTER.

Thanks for my birthday message. Such tokens of love can never be forgotten.

How gladly I send this greeting,
My friend,
A Happy Birthday!

Dr. B. Owens-Adair,
Santa Rosa, Calif.
Dear Doctor:
Congratulations on looking and acting so young on your 82nd birthday. Do hope you have many more happy birthdays.
Love and best wishes from
HARRY AND JESSIE.

This brings me back to your wedding, and I rejoice to know you are both just as happy now as then. Can you realize this is my 82nd birthday?

Wishing you a happy birthday.

May every moment of this birthday be replete with happiness, and may you have many more to gladden the hearts of your friends.
Sincerely yours,
MR. AND MRS. L. E. WILSON
AND FAMILY.

Your kind greeting brings me back to the time I first knew you. The sun was not shining so brightly then for you as now.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Wishing you a happy birthday and many more of them. From
Your friend,
MRS. CHAS. SCHWEGLER.
Lewis & Clarke, R. F. D. 1.

Thanks for your beautiful card and your remembrance on my 82nd birthday.

With sincere regard and very best wishes,
MRS. JOHN L. THOMPSON
(W. C. T. U.)
EDWIN B. SINGER
F. H. VARE
REV. AND MRS. L. O. BOSTWICK
REV. J. VINCENT JONES
MISS ANNA B. JONES
WINSTON M. FORD
LEVIN JOHNSON
V. A. RANDALL
MR. AND MRS. S. HEELOW

The names of some of the guests who presented me with a beautiful bouquet at the banquet table.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
The passing years take from us all
Some tribute, heedless of our will.
But I hope that, whate'er they take,
The things you love they leave you still.

Many happy returns. From
OLAF ERICKSON.
Melville, Ore.

I appreciate this beautiful token from my Granger friend.

Astoria, Ore., 1232P, Feb. 7, 1922.
Dr. Owens-Adair,
Box 688, care O. B. Whitmore,
Paso Robles, Calif.
Sincere birthday greetings. May happiness, success and full realization be yours.
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. WARREN.

My friends, your birthday greetings were brought to me by the lightning spark on a Paso Robles balmy day —which reminds me of my Grandview home and my friends in Warrenton near by.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING
FOR YOU
Please write me down upon the list
Of folks who can't forget you,
Because I feel how much I'd missed
If I had never met you.

Dr. Adair. From
MRS. P. C. WARNER.

To my early and late friend. I often recall the pleasant times I had with you during the last few years. I am looking forward to other pleasant meetings.

CONGRATULATIONS

Best wishes to you, my mother's lifelong friend and mine ever since I can remember.

Hope the 7th of February comes to you many times.

With love,
CALLY.

Dear Cally, only daughter of my life long friend of three score and ten. No ill can ever come between us.

Dr. Owens-Adair:

Dear Friend: Please accept the love and best wishes of your friends, the Kershaws, on this the anniversary of your birth. May the years to come be fruitful of love and good works for humanity as as the ones gone by.

I am sorry I could not have written you a long letter; I will later when I am a little stronger.

Love,
ORA KERSHAW.

To Mr. and Mrs. Kershaw:

I appreciate your friendship and love, which you send me on my 82nd birthday. No better friends have I ever had—and never expect better. Many thanks.

There's a whole lot of folks
Think a whole lot of you,
And here is a greeting
That's shouting "ME, TOO!"

Dr. Dales: Your jolly, whole-souled greeting for my 82nd birthday is characteristic of you and appreciated by me.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

May birthdays bring you all the joys
That fame and fortune hath
And all your future travels lead
To life's most flowery path.

To Dr. Owens-Adair, with many happy birthdays.
From
JOHN AND GRACE.

To John and Grace:

I hope the future may bring you blessings and not sorrow.

Thanks for your congratulations for my 82nd birthday.

Letters of Congratulation

Warrenton, Ore., Feb. 2, 1922.

Dear Mama:

Although I would like to be present at this happy time, I must be satisfied with sending a little birthday greeting of good wishes and love instead. In spite of the fact you are so far away, I know your friends are thinking of you and surrounding you with loving thoughts in place of their presences at your birthday party. Your 82nd birthday! It should be one of the happiest you have ever had, as it means that the years are now harvesting the crops of earlier experiences.

This anniversary finds you eagerly working in your book, and I sincerely hope when your next birthday rolls around it will find your work accomplished and your hopes fulfilled. While I wish you were here, I find joy in knowing that you are in one of the most beautiful spots in the United States. Sunshine and flowers should be a happy inspiration for your work. And it is indeed fortunate that you have made it possible for yourself to enjoy such a beautiful climate and country.

I do wish that I might be with you on this day of days, at least so we could have a nice long talk.

You know, mama, I am not the writer that you are, so you must let these few words try to express the love I am sending you today.

May your birthdays to come be many and bright, is the wish of

Your daughter,

HATTIE.

This is one of the best of daughter-in-laws—truest and most faithful. She is beloved by all.

Dear Doctor:

We are glad you are in the sunny south during all this cold weather.

Hoping you are favored with the best of health and that you will enjoy many more happy birthdays, we are

Affectionately yours,

LILLIE AND TOM.

(Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill)

February seventh.

Lillie, dear Lillie, what endearing memories of long ago your name brings back to me. Thanks for the love from you and Tom.

Astoria, Ore., Jan. 19, 1922.

Dear Doctor Owens-Adair.

Friend o' Mine: Greetings from home. And congratulations on whatever birthday anniversary this may be. We miss you and hope you may turn north with the sun and that soon we shall see you again in our midst.

To the people assembled let me say: "Dr. Adair is Oregon's 'grand young woman.' No use arguing with her, for she knows what she's talking about and can most surely speak for herself. We all love her and honor her and are proud of her. Whatever she says is 'our sentiments.' "

Very sincerely,
Her pastor,
WM. L. GILBERT.
First Presbyterian Church, Astoria, Oregon.

This letter needs no comments. It speaks for itself. It shows a man with a nerve, a heart and a brain. Hundreds of fathers and mothers of Oregon love Chaplain Gilbert. He took their sons across the sea. The title of "Chaplain" will stick to him rather than that of "Major" which his country bestowed upon him for valuable services.

Warrenton, Ore., Feb. 2, 1922.

My Dear Friend:

My congratulations, however though late, wants nothing of the warmth which the earliest was accompanied. And I wish for you many happy returns of the day.

I did not want to escape your memory, so thought I would send you a line on your birthday. We hope to see you back to Warrenton in the near future—well and happy.

With love and best wishes,
ANNA McGUIRE.

Another Red Cross friend. Yes, we we shall never forget how we came with our baskets full. But no white bread. The men came and paid for their lunch. And how we worked for the boys and the poor Belgian children.

Yakima, Wash.

Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair,
Paso Robles, Calif.

My Dear Doctor:

I have your letter mentioning among other things the surprise that was given you by friends on your attaining your eighty-second birthday. I wish I might have been there to have voiced my appreciation of you and your work. It is gratifying to all of us that you are so much interested in and alive to the things of today, and it is that which keeps you young in heart and mind.

You speak of returning north soon. Let me remind you the north still thinks it is winter. We have had continuous cold with more or less snow for more than three months. We are all hoping spring will come so the farmers can do their plowing and other work that is necessary to be done before the spring is too far advanced. I enclose draft on San Francisco for the $50.00 check you enclosed in your letter.

Mrs. Steinweg joins me in best wishes to you.

Sincerely yours,

W. L. STEINWEG.

Feby. 28, 1922.

Mr. Steinweg is at the head of a large banking business. From the highest to the lowest know and respect him. He married a worthy woman, a widow with a large family. He has endeared himself to every member of the family who love and appreciate his worth. I have known him for twenty-three years, and I feel honored to know that I am counted as his friend.

Thirty-First Legislative Assembly,
Senate Chamber, Salem, Ore.
February 2, 1922.

Mr. O. B. Whitmore,
Box 688, Paso Robles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I am reminded that February 7th is the birthday anniversary of Doctor Owens-Adair. I understand that Doctor Adair is now in Paso Robles, and that some of her friends expect to meet her on that occasion. I have no doubt that many kind things will be said of her

long and useful career. I wish to add my congratulations, and ask that you express to her the felicitations of myself and family.

The people of Oregon are not unmindful of the great service that she has done in the state, for it was she who conceived the idea of the sterilization law now on the statute books of this state, and it was Doctor Adair who, with that determination for which she is noted, followed the bill through the Legislature and was its constant companion until finally signed.

I believe there is a growing tendency to give due credit to a successful career during the lifetime of the one entitled to it, rather than wait until death overtakes them. I am pleased indeed that you and her friends in Paso Robles are conscious of this new spirit, and I have no doubt she will be the recipient of many kind expressions of appreciation of her work.

I sincerely trust that she will live many years to enjoy the well wishes of her friends, and the reflected lights of her successful career.

Very sincerely yours,
W. W. BANKS.

Senator Banks is a man of consequence. He is an able attorney, has served his state in the Legislature for many years. He is a man "to tie to."

Tilton, Wash., Feb. 1, 1922.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Paso Robles, Calif.

Dear Friend:

It was very kind of Mr. Whitmore to invite me to your birthday party. I certainly appreciate his thoughtfulness and assure you nothing would give me more pleasure than to be there. But as distance forbids, I send my hearty congratulations and best wishes for many happy returns of the day. May this day spent with friends in the hills and beautiful climate of California bring joy to you and be one more mile stone in your life long to be remembered.

Not many are privileged to celebrate so many mile stones in their journey through life, but you, dear friend, have earned that privilege. Your undaunted spirit and active life in the service of humanity have kept you young, strong and vigorous.

Your life has been one heroic struggle, not only for your own mental and spiritual growth, but for humanity as well. And like the sturdy oak standing alone with its roots firmly planted in the ground and its branches spread to the wind, you have stood alone and grown stronger with every wind of adversity.

As physician, teacher and author, you have accomplished much. You have seen all phases of life. You have touched humanity at all points.

The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the educated and the ignorant. You know humanity's needs, its weaknesses and its shortcomings, and because of this fact you are now engaged in the crowning glory of your life's work in the world which is destined to lift the burden of society and usher in a stronger and healthier race. When we stop the propagation of the feeble minded, criminal and insane by a rational process we are surely on the highway to a better race.

Yes, the day is coming when your work will be honored and appreciated not only in your state and in mine, but in this whole country, and in other lands. May God speed the day when ignorance, prejudice and opposition will give place to reason, fearlessness and intelligence.

May you live to see your labors crowned with success. This is the wish of

Your friend,
ANNIE C. CALDWELL.

Beautiful thoughts from such a friend are soothing and refreshing.

Dear Doctor Owens-Adair:

I cannot let you go away from Paso Robles, where for a season we have been sojourners, without expressing, though inadequately, my profound respect for you and my appreciation of the encouragement and help you have so generously given me and many others.

Though our acquaintance has been brief, it has revealed to me the courageous hearted woman who, in spite of so many and so great obstacles, has forged her way into the front rank of the world's helpers. May you live to see the reforms you have labored for so long bearing their rich returns in the larger welfare of humanity.

The path of the pioneer is ever one of hardship; it is also a path of splendid and far reaching blessing to the work.

I count myself happy indeed to have met, talked with and known you whose life has been devoted to such high endeavors, and whose reward will be the crown which awaits those who have lived for the good of others.

Most sincerely yours,
LEON D. BLISS.

Paso Robles, California,
March 6, 1922.

I greatly appreciate the friendship of Rev. Bliss, the beloved pastor of the First Congregational Church of Paso Robles, California.

Astoria, Ore., Jan. 27, 1922.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Paso Robles, Calif.

Dear Doctor:

My imagination carries me back to February 7th, 1840, in Van Buren County, Missouri, to an anticipation realized by Thomas and Sarah Owens, the usual prospective of a parental love, as to whether it would be a male supporter of the laws of Missouri, or whether it would be one of the creators of love and motherhood—a parental strife as to whether father was to receive an arm of support or mother an opportunity to relinquish some of her household obligations. Little did father or mother realize that on this morning there was born a child who during the coming 82 years would wield an influence in the cause of temperance, health preservation, domestic harmony and sane legislation that would make a record for her never surpassed, and equaled only under few circumstances.

My imagination leads me to the prattling babe of three years of age in the emigrant wagon crossing the plains with her parents entirely unaware that at the end of that journey would place her in a community for which her life's work would be a benefactor to all with whom she came in contact.

I see her studious in her school, vivacious in her romps as a girl of teens in the potato patch on Clatsop Plains: then comes the disappointments in a young life in the anticipations of domestic happiness, but capable of rising above all indifferences to that plane for which she was born in the sense of higher education and honest duty toward mankind, never relaxing in energy from the rebuffs of lack of popularity of education along medical lines by her sex. Enthused with a desire for her educational preparation to serve mankind as she desired, as given to the State of Oregon and in fact every state in the Union, an idea of better legislation, and who knows but what the same incentive may be reflected to every nation in the world?

Doctor Owens-Adair, I am proud to be counted one among your hosts of friends who are able to count you at your full worth, and today greet you on your 82nd birthday with a full sense of appreciation and gratitude that a life so useful as that of yours has been given to the people.

I wish you health, happiness and prosperity on this day and many others of its like.

Very respectfully yours,
E. B. HUGHES.

My appreciation of this letter is not easily expressed. It consoles me and it fills me with hope and courage, and inspires me with a new determination to push on and on. Thanks for this beautiful letter.

Toronto, Ont., Jan. 30, 1922.

Dear Doctor Adair:

You will remember just nineteen years ago this coming June you brought my son, Beryl, into this world in the city of North Yakima.

In papa's last letter he told me you were to have a birthday the seventh of February, so I am writing you just a little word of greeting.

May God give you many, many more happy days and send you many years of sunshine; also that this, the eighty-second year of your life shall change all your griefs and troubles into love and joy. God bless and keep you all through the evening of your life. I think old age is a most beautiful thing and then, of course, one is only old as one feels you know; and I know you have always had such a wonderful constitution, so that you have so much to be thankful for. It is sure, unless a miracle happens, I will never live to be eighty-one and enjoy the health you do. So, you see, you are very fortunate.

Wishing you every happiness, I am

MRS. LENA MAE UFFORD,
daughter of your very old friends
REV. AND MRS. O. B. WHITMORE.

How well do I remember you at two and three years as a sweet little girl. And your beautiful mother. And then at the time of your own motherhood. Then you were in grace and beauty like your own dear mother. May God bless you and yours.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 7, 1922.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Paso Robles, Calif.

My Dear Doctor:

Across the space I stretch my hands to you in cordial greetings on this your eighty-second birthday, and from my heart echos the wish that lies nearest and dearest within you—may every hope be realized and every ambition attained.

Blessings on your birthday, and gratitude for the physical strength that permitted you to keep pace with your keen and active intellect.

As your mind travels back over the vista of years and memory recalls the many days of struggle and sometimes sorrow, the spirit of the conqueror must count the successes that followed you through all. Your pluck and determination brought its own reward.

Throughout the northwest there are many to call you blessed and speak your name with reverence, but beyond all this is the great and

good work you have launched for the benefit of all mankind, and future generations shall give you full credit and honor.

Save all possible time and strength for your Portland visit, for as alumni of the same Alma Mater, we will have a talkfest such as never was, though tears and laughter mingle.

With all good wishes and kindest regards,

Sincerely,
ELLA K. DEARBORN,
University of Michigan 1888.

"I pray the prayer the Easterns do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you.
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow.
Through the days of labor and nights of rest,
May the love of Allah make you blest.
So I touch my heart as the Easterns do;
May the peace of Allah abide with you."

Here is a physician. She and I drank at the same fountain-head—the University of Michigan—and are co-workers. She is a writer, and her pen is sharp—far ahead of the times. She is helping to turn the crank that will grind out the new gospel of eugenics, which is to save our nation.

Portland, Ore., Jan. 30, 1922.

Dear Dr. Owens-Adair:

This is one of the big occasions that come rarely in a lifetime. That it should be my privilege to congratulate humanity in general and myself in particular, that we have among us so rare a personality as yourself, and I count myself as among the fortunate ones that I have been admitted into your circle of friends.

It is not given to the average mortal to be able to do the big things—the fundamental things—the things which require wonderful courage—that have been the result of your loyalty and faith in the ideals which make for a better world on this earth.

You have dreamed your dream, and are seeing it realized—that blessing is not given to many of us. When I think of the ridicule, the contemptuous sneers of the ignorant, and of the malicious attacks through which your courageous spirit has gone since you first gave to the State of Oregon the truth in the sterilization law, I find myself honoring anew the woman who dared, when so many of us faltered by the way.

May I pledge to you anew my sincere devotion and whatever strength I may have to the future success of your work, and may you be spared to us many years longer as our leader.

With affectionate personal regards, I am

Yours very sincerely,
MILLIE R. TRUMBULL.

A woman with an open hand and a ready pen. If you know her you will value her. I know her well.

Oregon State Library,
Salem, Ore., Feb. 7, 1922.

Greetings to Dr. Adair on her eighty-second birthday!

A year ago this day she was the honor guest of the business and professional women of Salem, and she told them the story of her struggle for professional freedom in this state. We believe her to be Oregon's greatest woman and our most distinguished and useful citizen.

It is true that the struggle for recognition of her scientific and sociological work is not ended, but she has the courage to carry it on and the ability to educate the people of a state. Oregon has responded splendidly to Dr. Adair's leadership in the matter of sterilization of the unfit and the improvement of the race and of society by measures suggested by the results of American research. Many hundreds of people in Oregon will be glad to greet Dr. Adair on her birthday.

CORNELIA MARVIN.

This is a woman to whom Oregon pays homage. She is my friend. I honor her and can trust her because I know she is dependable.

Warrenton, Feb. 3.

My Dearly Loved Doctor Adair:

Mother and I are sending you lots of love and good wishes for your birthday, and hope you may have many more years with all your friends.

Lovingly yours,
CARRIE LESTER.

My friend made doubly so by your honored husband, Senator Lester, who supported my sterilization bill in the Legislature of 1911.

Portland Public Schools,
Administrative Offices, Court House,
Portland, Ore., Jan. 30, 1922.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
c-o O. B. Whitmore,
Paso Robles, California.

Dear Doctor:

Permit us to felicitate you on the 82nd anniversary of your birthday on the 7th of February. We rejoice with you that you have been spared for so many years and have availed yourself of the opportunity to be a big factor in the betterment of humanity.

When one reviews your great accomplishments, he should be glad to know you as a friend who is very worthwhile. Your whole life has been against, what to many people, would be considered unsurmountable obstacles. Not so with you. The forces against which you strove seemed only to inspire you to greater efforts. In fact, I think you thrive best when you meet the most active opposition.

Our sincere wish is that you may be spared for many more years and be able to fight with the vigor and success that you have manifested for many years past.

Rejoicing with you again that you have gained your 82nd milestone and are still doing valiant service for the work you have undertaken, I remain

Sincerely yours,
D. A. GROUT,
Superintendent.

Here is a man whom I honor and love for his many superior qualities. As husband, father, friend and teacher, I have never seen him excelled. His wife and children idolize him, and his friends have faith in him. For years when I have wanted advice I have gone to Prof. Grout. It was always freely given and appreciated. When in trouble, what a comfort!

State of Oregon Senate Chamber,
Portland, Ore., Jan. 24, 1922.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Paso Robles, Calif.

My Dear Doctor:

I am writing to you congratulations on this your 82nd anniversary of your birth. May the sun shine on many many more such anniversaries, and may your health continue in excellent condition, that

your noble work, so well begun by you and thus far so successfully carried out, be long continued.

Doctor, I am more and more convinced as I note the results of this your life-work, that the same will be the salvation of the race, if universally adopted and maintained.

We are having some little trouble in our penitentiary at present, but I feel sure the supreme court will uphold your law, and the benefits derived from its execution be heralded far and wide—that the same may be universal.

My wife joins me in extending to you our heartiest best wishes for "many of them."

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT S. FARRELL.

P. S. My mother will be 80 on Feb. 10th.

And here is my firm and faithful friend who has stood by me, talked, worked and voted for every measure that I have had in the Oregon Legislature from 1907 to 1922 — never turning and never flinching. Such are the men our country needs and such men will America have when she has protected herself from degeneracy.

Casa Loma, Los Angeles, Calif.
7th of Febr., 1922.

To Our Grandmother:

In our endeavor to form an expression of love on this occasion, we find our minds drifting into channels of the future.

Our only wish is, that in years to come our endeavors may prove as successful as yours, and that we, too, may regard our eighty-second birthday only as an anniversary of achievement rather than a milestone of years.

Not only do we wish to express our sentiments of affection at this time, but also our appreciation for the incentive you furnish us.

Though each succeeding year has brought forth ever increasing demands upon your time and ability—and the years to come will doubtless be even more insistent, now that you are fairly launched upon your chosen work—but, judging from your accomplishments in past years, we are confident your future years will be even more brilliant.

So at this time we are sending you thoughts of love, as are many others, and regret that we can do so little in smoothing your pathway to the summit of your aspirations.

Most affectionately,

Your grandchildren,
VERA OWENS AND RAY ALLISON HESS.

Here is my only granddaughter and her good husband—"Vera and Ray." To them, what shall I say? What any grandmother with love in her heart would say: Be loyal to each other to the end. And strive each day with a determination to assist in making the world better. This is the road to happiness, and if persisted in will round out your lives, making your last days your best days. May God help you to do your duty.

State of Oregon Executive Department,
Salem, Jan. 16, 1922.

My Dear Dr. Adair:

I am pleased to be one who is given an opportunity to lend his small tribute to you upon your 82nd birthday. The people of Oregon have a high regard for Dr. Owens-Adair. We all sincerely trust she may live to see many more happy and useful birthdays.

Most sincerely,
BEN W. OLCOTT,
Governor of Oregon.

Dr. Owens-Adair,
Mother of Sterilization Bill,
Paso Robles, California.

When I was in the Legislature with my marriage bill Gov. Olcott said, "Doctor, when you get tired, come into my office and have a soft seat." On Feb. 19, 1921, I sat trembling, listening to the arguments pro and con and trying to count the votes on my fingers. When it was over I knew I had won. I staggered into the Governor's office. He met me with a smile and gave me a soft seat.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 8, 1922.

Mr. O. B. Whitmore,
Paso Robles, Calif.
My Dear Mr. Whitmore:

I am sorry that I happened to be away when your letter came, consequently was mislaid and I did not have the pleasure of sending a word of greeting on the occasion of Dr. Owens-Adair's eighty-second birthday. Will you extend to her my cordial greetings and best wishes. She is a wonderful woman and has done a wonderful work; and, as time goes on, the public will recognize more and more what she has overcome and what she has accomplished.

Cordially yours,
FRED LOCKLEY.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and should be prized far above gold. Mr. Lockley has a gifted pen and a fertile brain and he is always ready and willing to serve for the uplift of humanity.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 9, 1922.

Mr. O. B. Whitmore,
Box 688, Paso Robles, Calif.
Dear Sir:

Upon my return to the office I find your letter of recent date with reference to the banquet to be given Dr. Owens-Adair and I regret exceedingly that owing to my absence I was not in a position to meet the request in time to have it serve its purpose.

Please extend to the Doctor my best wishes.

Sincerely yours,
OSWALD WEST,

In 1913 Oswald West was governor of Oregon. He signed my sterilization bill with a quill pen which I brought him. He said, "Now, doctor, I will do what I have never done; I will ask you to witness your bill. And now carry it to Secretary Olcott for his signature, and don't forget to bring it back." That was one of the happiest hours of my life.

National Research Council,
1701 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.,
19 January, 1922.

Dr. B. A. Owens,
Paso Robles, Calif.

My Dear Long-time Friend:

I will not say **old** friend, although I will admit that it has been a long time since I saw you "in the **flesh**," and I dare say you will remember the interesting time we had in reducing your corpulency.

I am glad to learn from friends that you are carrying on a good work, and I wish to congratulate you on it. This note is simply for the one purpose of saying to you that I have most pleasant remembrances of the past and best wishes for the future, which I hope will be long for you.

Your old friend,
V. C. VAUGHAN,

Prof. Vaughan is truly a great man, but he is as modest as he is great. He was the Dean of the University of Michigan for years. He is now the head of the National Research Council. I looked him up in "Who's Who," which gave me a thrill. He has raised five boys. Every one of them went overseas under the stars and stripes and proved their worth. Another proof of heredity.

Warrenton, Ore., Feb. 3, 1922.

Dear Doctor:

Let me be among the many friends who are congratulaing you on your birthday.

Wishing you many happy returns of the day, I am
Sincerely,
ANNA M. SMITH.

Another Red Cross friend—our captain—whom we all loved to obey. She was always on deck and greeted us with a smile.

(From Paso Robles Press of Feb. 7, 1922)

BIRTHDAY DINNER GIVEN NOTED GUEST

It was an inspiration as well as a pleasure for a representative of the Press to be permitted to attend a birthday banquet tendered Wednesday in honor of the 82nd birthday of Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair, the first practicing woman physician in the Pacific Northwest.

The dinner was held in the dining room of the Paso Robles Hotel, and owing to the great religious and reform activity of this remarkable woman, it was attended by the most representative members of the cloth of this city.

Those present included Reverend J. Vincent Jones, Reverend L. O. Bostwick, Reverend E. B. Singer, Rev. W. M. Ford. Reverend O. B. Whittemore, associate and secretary for Doctor Owens, was the master of ceremonies.

Reverend Whittemore is a prominent prohibition worker and is the author of "The Saloon Keeper's Bible and Its Answer." Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Heaton, Miss Anna Jones, Mr. J. Randall, Mrs. Thompson, president of the W. C. T. U., and F. H. Vore, representing the Paso Robles Press.

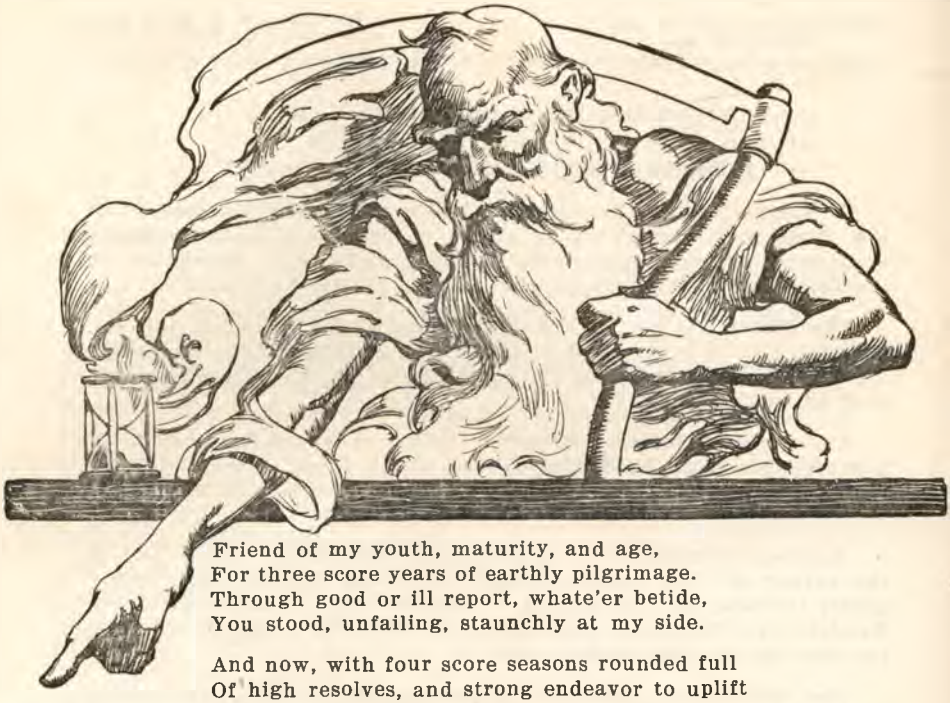
Rev. Whittemore explained the occasion of the dinner, and read a number of letters and telegrams of congratulation to Doctor Owens-Adair. He introduced this remarkable woman and explained briefly her work in the interests of the betterment of the race. She was responsible for the passage of the "sterilization law" for degenerates and criminals in Oregon, and has made this her work for many years. She has written and worked entirely for the adoption of eugenic and and hygienic laws in Oregon as well as in other states.

The doctor explained the "sterilization" law, and also the simple operation which was required, and briefly told of the fact that it was not only painless, but took nothing away from the unfortunate who was subjected to it.

It was indeed a pleasure to hear this lady, born in 1840, explain the difficulties which she encountered in her work for the good of humanity.

A beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to Doctor Owens-Adair by the guests who attended the dinner.

Doctor Owens-Adair and her secretary, Reverend Whittemore, will remain in Paso Robles for about two weeks.



Friend of my youth, maturity, and age,
For three score years of earthly pilgrimage.
Through good or ill report, whate'er betide,
You stood, unfailing, staunchly at my side.

And now, with four score seasons rounded full
Of high resolves, and strong endeavor to uplift
And help and heal mankind; your noble goal
In glorious sight and surely hastening, swift

To full fruition, be it mine to hail
With you, it's coming! And to place
The wreath of fadeless laurel on your brow.
No knight of old in armored coat of mail

Deserveth more. Take it and wear it now,
Through all the coming years—and may they be
Another score, with peace and honor crowned,
To bless and light your life—a matchless century
Of tireless energy and purpose most profound.

It well may be:
"Why even Death himself stands still,
And waits an hour, sometimes,
For such a Will."

Written by Mrs. Inez Parker of San Diego, California, on the occasion of my eighty-second birthday. And now, my friend of three score years and more, what can I say to you? Memory goes back to our girlhood, full of faith and love for each other. And through all our struggles and successes never has there been a word of discord between us—and never can be.